EATON DEMOCRAT.

BY L. G. GOULD. "Fearless and Free." $1,50 per Annum in Advance.

New Series. EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O. MARCH 6, 1856. Vol. 12. No. 37.

Rates of Advertising.

One square (or less) 3 insertions	$1:00
" " Each additional insertion,	25
" " Three months,	3:00
" " Six months,	5:00
" " Twelve months,	8:00
One fourth of a column per year,	15:00
" half " " " "	18:00
" column " "	30:00

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JOB WORK

Executed at this office with neatness and despatch, at the lowest possible rates.

Poetical.

THE HEART.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string that thou hast broken
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token.

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song would cheer thee,
Still, still, he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou cast a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave will bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's warmth is healing,
And its clusters still may glow
Thro' the leaves their bloom revealing;
But is thou hast a cup o'erthrown,
With bright draught filled—oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lips' fever

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee;
And like that jewel gone
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp and lute,
Whence the sweet sound is scattered;
Gently, oh! gently, touch the chords
So soon forever shattered!

Miscellaneous

"I KNOW IT."

At seventeen years of age, I was more of a man than I have ever been since. I wore a long tailed coat, and boots, (to which the appurtence of spurs was generally added,) a moustache was quite visible on my upper lip, and a consciousness of ripe maturity never once left my mind. I was studying for the legal profession, but at the time of which I write I was spending my summer vacation at my father's house in the country.

Though so manly (almost soldier-like, as I fancied,) in my appearance my inner, was by no means as stern as my outer man. I loved my mother with childish tenderness, and sooner than pain her pious heart, I unmurmuringly accompanied her to the village church, to listen to long sermons of which I could not hear a word, for the tremulous accents of the very aged minister, who conducted the services, were so faint as to be inaudible where I sat. Though induced by love and duty to subject myself to this weekly penchance, (well deserved by my weekly sins) my conscience yet did not prevent me from whiling away my time by such a musements as lay at hand — that namely, of observing and speculating on the countenances of my neighbors, an occupation of which I was fond.

The phisiognomy which interested me more than all others, was that of a young girl who sat not far from us, and who accompanied by an aged woman, probably her grand mother—the object of her ever watchful care. This girl's face, from first eliciting my careless admiration, gradually absorbed my whole attention. It was very beautiful; but apart from that it possessed the greatest possible interest for me. Never had I seen a countenance which denoted so much sensibility, each emotion of her mind was plainly written upon it, by its quick, delicate changes; nothing was wanting but the key of a corresponding degree of sensibility in the beholder, to read her innocent soul like an open book.

Sometimes, by chance, the fair object of my busy fancies would catch my eye, or without looking at me, seem to know or feel that I was gazing at her, and I wickedly delighted in noticing the blush which deepened on her cheek till I withdrew my eyes.

One Sunday I happened, in coming out of church, to be close to my lovely neighbor—immediately behind her—my hand touched her unconscious garments. I felt an irresistable desire, for to force her in some way to notice me—to speak to her—to occasion one of those charming blushes, anything I knew not what. In short like an impertinent coxcomb as I was I stooped forward and with an insufferable insolence, which I blush to remember, I whispered in her ear:

"You are very pretty!"

Never was I more surprised than when she calmly replied:

"I know it."

I was absolutely startled. I had expected a silent, conscious blush—an indignant glance—anything rather than this cool "I know it."

I was puzzled, but I had plenty of time to turn the matter in my mind, for in a few days I returned to college. I can truly say it was the one problem, which throughout the term, gave me the most thought.

Another year elapsed ere I returned, and again sat in the village church. My home, or personal appearance, was somewhat altered. I still wore my moustache, it is true, but my coat-tails were not, or did not seem so long, and I left off my spurs.

My mother and I were seated in our pew, and I impatiently waited for the arrival of my lovely enigma. I tried to prepare myself for disappointment. "I have been thinking and dreaming about an ideal," I said to myself, "doubtless when the young lady appears, all my imaginings will vanish—there can be no doubt my fancy has been playing tricks with me, investing a mere country maid with transcendent graces and charms." While I was reasoning thus with myself, the young lady appeared, leading her old relative with tender care.

Worshipping an "Ideal," indeed! my most charming remembrance did not begin to do justice to the beautiful reality. A soul full of tenderness and sensibility seemed to have found a fitting home in a person and face of perfect loveliness and grace.

She blushed, when looking around, she chanced to see me, and again the play of expression on her features, which had so interested me formerly, charmed me.

As mother and I returned home, I described my fair neighbor, and asked my mother who she was.

"Her name is Grace Denny, and she is the loveliest—the most superior young woman I have ever in my whole life met. It is too soon to think of such things yet," she continued smiling, "but some years hence, would make me happy to see my dear son married to just such a woman."

"Not quite so fast mother," said I, laughing away a little embarrassment which I was most anxious to conceal.

I found that Grace had become a constant visitor at my mother's and I did not fail to improve the opportunity of becoming acquainted with her.

She was indeed a gifted creature endowed with all 'nature's best.' She sang, she danced, she conversed with an indescribable grace peculiar to herself. Though generally thoughtful and earnest in her manner, she had a vein of quiet humor, and her strokes of playful drollery charmed all the more from being unexpected. But more alluring to me than all her gifts and accomplishments, was the shrinking sensibility depicted on every feature of her sweet face. I soon found myself deeply—painfully interested in her. I say painfully, for Grace received my assiduous attentions with a perfect coolness and unconcern that gave me great uneasiness. Sometimes I thought she remembered my early impertinence, and was disposed to punish me. But there was a rival, a cousin of Grace's, who always stood in my way, and from whom grace received, as a matter of course, flumberless little attentions, which I dared not even offer. I hated this man, I was insufferably jealous, but Grace seemed either perfectly unconscious, or perfectly indifferent to the by play of animosity which was carried on between us.

Grace, sweet, noble Grace, with her child-like simplicity and sensitive woman's heart—who could resist her? I could not, my whole soul was hers. In vain had I called upon my vanity, of which I had plenty to invoke, to save me from the mortification of loving without return. I could not smother or control the passion which, strong as a mighty whirlwind had seized me.

One evening I sat by the piano while Grace sang to me. The cousin was not there; and dear Grace's varying color suggested sweet hopes to my vanity. I fancied I saw love in those soft music breathing lips.

It was the last evening of my vacation, and surely I read a gentle farewell thought in Grace's face. I was beside my self with joy at the idea—I was as if in a blissful dream a sweet delirium, a rapture of love. As Grace rose to leave the piano, I caught her hand, unable longer to repress the one thought that filled my heart, I exclaimed fervently.

"Grace—dear Grace—with all my soul I love you!"

She lifted her large soft eyes, and said slowly, while a mischievous smile stole over her face.

"I know it."

She was gone before I had time to prevent her, or to recover from my surprise.

The next day I returned to the college expecting to complete my studdies in another year. A year! how long a time to be absent from the beloved being who was to me, I felt henceforth and forever, whether she returned my love or not, the nucleus round which my thoughts would revolve. I need not say how often her strange and unsatisfactory answer tormented me. I perceived in her repetition of the same words her remembrance of the time she had used them before, and this then was just punishment for my offence. I tortured myself bringing the scene again and again to my memory. "The duce you do!" thought I, sometime, I would I had possessed the wit to have left you a little more uncertain.

I often wonder that I was able to studdy at all, at the time, for Grace, graceful Grace was never absent from my thoughts; she had become the dream of my life, the object of all the love sonnets which had till now been scattered on various rival beauties. I did study, however, and study hard, and at the end of the term passed examination with high honors, much to my dear mother's pride and joy.

I determined to be wiser when I saw her again—to discover beyond a doubt, if I were beloved, before I committed myself, as I had done by foolish speeches.

In order to gratify a little pique, when I returned home I did not go immediately to see Grace, as my feelings dictated, but waited until at my mother's summons, she spent an evening with us. Even then, though my heart was full of tenderness for her, I affected coldness. I had made up my mind to play a part and suffer as I might, I would act it out.—There was a young lady staying with my mother at this time who dearly loved to flirt—I was quite ready at this time to contribute to her amusement. I devoted myself to her the whole evening, and I felt the sweetest pain I ever experienced, when I saw by Grace's dear, changing sensative face, that she was deeply pained and wounded.

When this foolery was carried to its height, I perceived Grace suddenly rise and step through the open window out on the piazza.—In a few minutes I followed her; she had retired to a little distance from the window and stood with her head leaning against the railing weeping. Stealing softly behind her, I passed my arm around her, and whispered:

"Ah dearest Grace do not deny it! You *love me!*"

There was a little pause—then laughing, yet still half crying, Grace turned aside her face:

"Alas I know it!

Strike Off his Name.

Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large property by entire industry and punctuality; and at the advanced age of ninety years he was resting quietly upon his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for the decease and burial.

His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket, when one of his sons observed—

'Father, you will probably live but a day or two; is it not wel, for you to name your bearers?'

'To be sure, my son,' said the dying man, it is well thought of and I will do it now.'

He gave a list of six, the usual number, and sank back exhausted upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his withered face like a ray of light, and he rallied once more.

'My son, read me that list. Is the name of Wiggins there?'

'It is, my father.'

'Then strike it off,' said he emphatically, for he never was punctual—was never anywhere in season—and he might detain the procession a whole hour.

NEW STYLE OF ECONOMY.—A fair denizen of delightful Paris, whose extravagance bore rather hard upon her husband's purse, was one day taken to task by him for her want of economy.

'I know what you say is true,' replied the repentent belle, 'but what shall I do to reduce our expenses.'

'Why, ma chere,' replied the husband delighted with her submission, 'you ride a great deal, why not take an omnibus occasionally, instead of a carriage?' That will save something.'

The wife agreed, and as soon as her husband had gone, she rang for her maid.

'Marietta, call me a coach that I may get to the omnibus, to go to the Madelaine. I am going to economize!'

COLD WINTERS.

The *Evening Bulletin* has the following in regard to the cold winters, for the last sixty years:

1797. From the year 1790 until 1797 the thermometer had not reached zero, during the month of January, in Philadelphia. In January 1797, the mercury on two mornings was 5 degrees below zero at the permanent Bridge. On the 9th it got down to 13 degrees below, and upon the two subsequent mornings, it was 10 below zero. Horses with sleighs attached, were driven upon the ice on the Delaware from Trenton to Philadelphia.

1799. This year the Delaware was closed by ice from the 22d of January until past the middle of March.

1800. This winter which lost but little of its severity before the 20th March, was remarkable for the extent of its snows, which fell as far South as New Orleans.

1805. In Philadelphia the mercury did not sink lower than 5 degrees above zero, but at Albany, Syracuse and Buffalo, the mercury was from 15 to 20 deg. below.

1810. Though not a severe January in America, the cold was during this month intense in Europe. At Moscow the mercury sunk 40 deg. below zero and froze

1815. On one morning the mercury was 7 below zero; on another 5, and on two others 3. This winter was remarkable for the horrible condition of the roads and for great suffering among the poor.

1821. This was the coldest January since 1780, in the U. S. On nine mornings at sunrise the mercury was below zero in Philadelphia. On two mornings it was 10 below zero. At Brunswick, Me., the mercury became stiff in the bulk.

1828. The January of this year was remarkable mild, the Delaware being throughout entirely free from ice, and not a flake of snow being seen through the month. On several days the mercury ran up to 70 in the shade, while early shrubbery and trees put forth their buds.

1832. On three morning the mercury was from 4 to 6 below zero.

1835. On several morning the mercury in Philadelphi was from 2 to 4 deg. below zero. At Albany on the 6th Jan. it stood at 23 below.

1836. During a snow storm on the 9th and 10th of January, near 3 feet of snow fell.—At one time there was good sleighing from the Ohio river to the Bay of Fundy.

1843. A remarkable mild and pleasant month in Philadelphia, though intensely cold and stormy even in its vicinity, and particularly towards the north. At Montreal and Quebec the mercury sunk 36 below zero.

1845. "But very few instances occurred in which the mercury sunk below the freezing point."

1855. On the 20th of January, the mercury sunk to 21¼ deg. below zero. It has not gone down to zero since, in January, until the last month.

Jonathan's Hunting Expedition.

"Did you ever hear of the scrape I and uncle Zeke had ducking ons t on the Connecticut river?" asked Jonathan Timbertoes, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him in consideration of a a bran new milk pan.

"No, I never did—do tell it."

"Well, you must know that I and uncle Zeke took it into our heads that we must go a gunning arter ducks, in father's skiff; so in we got and sculled down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew backward and forward, I tell ye, and bimeby a few of them lit down on the marsh and went to feeding on muscles. I catched up my powder horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom.—Now, I couldn't swim a jot, so I sez to uncle Zeke, you're a pretty clever feller—just let me take your powder horn to prime; and don't you believe the stingy critter wouldn't. Well sez I, you're a pretty good diver, and if you'll dive and get it, I'll give you a primin'.

"I thought he'd leave his powder horn, but he didn't but stuck it in his pocke', and down he went: and there he staid."

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder, and a pause of some time ensued when Jonathan added—

"I looked down and what do you suppose the critter was doing?"

"Lord," exclaimed the old woman 'I don't know.'"

"There he was, a sitting right on the bottom of the river, pourin' right out of my horn into his'n."

Pleasures of the Profession.

On a cold stormy night the doctor is aroused from his slumbers by a loud rap at the door, accompanied by the stirring summons—

'Doctor, want you to come right straight away to Bank's, his child is dead.'

'Then what do you want of me?'

'He is poisoned. They gin him laudanum, too—par-egoricky.'

'How much did they give him?'

'Do no great 'eal. Think he won't get over it.'

The doctor, pushing off thro' the storm, meets with divers mishaps on the way, and at length arrives at the home of the poisoned patient. He finds all closed—not a light to be seen. He knocks furiously at the door, and at last a nightcap appears at the chamber window, and a woman's voice squeaks out—

'Who's there?'

'The doctor, to be sure. You sent for him.'

'O, it's no matter, doctor, Ephraim's better. We got a little kinder skeert; gin him laudanum, and he slept kinder sound, but he's woke up now.'

'How much did he swallow.'

'Only two draps! 'Taint hurt him none.—Wonderful bad storm to night.'

The doctor turns away, buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away his mortification and anger, when the voice salutes him again—

'Doctor, doctor!'

'What do you want?'

'You haint goin' to charge nothin' for this, are ye?'

HIS FIRST BOOTS.—A youngster who had just risen to the dignity of the first pair of boots with heels on, laid himself liable through some misdemeanor, to maternal chastisement.

After pleading to get clear to no effect, he exclaimed—

"Well, if I've got to stand it, I mean to take off my boots."

"Why?" asked his mother.

"Because I won't be whipped in them new boots no how. That's so!"

SMOOTH ANSWER.—A little boy was asked what meekness was, and replied: "Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

[From the Ohio Farmer.

The Unkind Reply.

BY ROSELLA.

"I do not think it is a selfish act if I occupy this whole seat myself, as I am to travel all this long, warm day," said I to the lady nearest me, one sultry morning, as I took the out of the way end seat, in the cars at Buffalo for Albany.

"Certainly not," was the reply, as I put my shawls, books, papers, fan, boquet, &c., in one end, and nestled myself down in the other. I soon wearied of conversation and reading and had sunk into a fitful slumber, when a gentle tap on my shoulder, and a low "please Miss," made me wake with a sudden start.

The car was filled to overflowing, and a newly arrived party had entered, and a pale little woman with a fretful baby in her arms, stood asking permission to sit beside me.—With more of pity than of pleasure, I shared my seat with her, yet I spoke but few words, and sullenly forbore taking the restless little creature, to ease her poor, wearied arms; but merely smoothed its yellow hair, and patted its pale, baby cheeks, and said Mary was a good and sweet name.

For my own comfort I had opened the window that I might more distinctly catch those picturesque views that flitted by us so quickly that they seemed like glowing pictures, without one imperfection to mar, when my attention was drawn to my companion, who was incessantly coughing.

"I do wish you would let down that window," she said, "the coal smoke makes my cough so much worse."

I am ashamed to confess it now, but I felt the angry blood burn in my cheek, and a flashing of the eyes, as I replied, "I am quite sick, and so wearied, and troubled, and hungry, thirsty, and crowded, and here you come as a intruder, and would keep from me the mite of cool, fresh air, that I am trying to get. Do you think you are doing as you would be done by?" said I tartly, and without waiting for a reply, I rose and was letting down the window with an angry crash, as a naughty child would slam a door shut, when she laid her poor, wasted little hand on my arm, and said, "*Oh don't do it then,*" and burst into tears, and leaned her head down on her baby, and cried bitterly. The woman in my heart was touched, but putting on the injured air of a martyr, I compressed my lips, and took up a paper pretending to read. Pretty soon my eyes grew so dimmed I could not see without crushing the tears often, and I resolved to ask her pardon for my unkindness, but minute after minute glided away, and we soon reached her place of destination, and she rose to leave. I rose too, and the words were on my lips, when a gentleman came to assist her out. She turned her gentle and tearful eyes upon me, with a sad expression, and I bowed so sweetly that my hand was almost upraised to appeal to the forgiveness, the words were just dropping from my lips, but she was gone, it was too late, and I, a woman with a woman's heart, was left with that stinging little barb sticking in it, and the sweet words and wasted little hand that alone could remove it, were gone from me forever. I sank back on my seat and wept bitterly.

The gentleman returned from assisting her, and as the car was full, he took the place she had vacated. I inquired who the lady was, and he replied, "her home is in Wisconsin, and she had returned to the home of her childhood to *die*. The whole family of brothers and sisters died of consumption, and she, the last one left, is going, too."

Oh! I turned away sick at heart, and tried to shut out from remembrance that pallid, appealing face as I resolved, and re-resolved, never again in this poor life of mine to speak another unkind word.

The Colored Republican Convention at Pittsburg.

The Pittsburg *Post* says the Colored-Republican Convention produced no great sensation in that city. The hall where it was held would hold eight or nine hundred persons, but it was not crowded. It was not a delegated convention, in the usual sense of the term. It was, in fact, but a voluntary gathering, each State and district being *personated* by as many as chose to come, and under such circumstances the larger proportion were, of course, the politicians and the orators of the Freesoil party. It was a *sectional* convention, but three persons being there from all the Southern States, and they not representing the sentiments of any portion of the Southern people, The *Post* adds:

"Its entire strength lies north of Mason and Dixon's Line, and the sentiments uttered by the speakers were those of unkindness and hostility to all south of that line

"The sentiments of a party can be better learned from the language of the speakers, than from the platform adopted. The platform consists of an address drawn up by discreet and cunning politicians, and indicates generally a tone of moderation, that in this instance at least, does not characterize the party. Take, for instance, the language of one of the speakers on the subject of a civil war in Kansas. He said he was 'for war,—war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt.' This speaker was interrupted by frequent applause. Now, compare this language with the language of the address. This speaker was not alone in the use of such language It was the pervading sentiment of the Convention; and it was evidently the general sense of the Convention, that a violent commotion, even a bloody revolution in far-off Kansas, would greatly promote the interests of the Republican party."

A WIFES RIGHTS.—"Wife," said a married man, looking for his bootjack after she was in bed, 'I have a place for all my things, and you ought to know it by this time."

"Yes," replied she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't

☞'Pa, what is the interest of a kiss?' asked sweet sixteen of her sire.

'Why, really I don't know. Why do you ask?'

'Because John, my cousin, borrowed a kiss last night from me, and said he'd pay me back some of these nights with interest after we are married.'

The old gent caved.

☞"Why Charley," said an Irishman to negro preacher, "you can't even tell who made the monkey."

"Oh, yes I can, massa."

"Well, who made the monkey?"

"Why, massa, de same one dat make de monkey, make you."

☞Jones says courting is done on the printing principle; there being a good deal of hand press work about it.

The Yankee's Christmas Visit.

The day proceeding Christmas a 'green 'un'—green from head to foot—was seen rushing up Washington street, with his hands thrust into his pockets. In passing Jones, Shreves & Brown's, he was suddenly brought up to a stand by the brilliancy of jewelry displayed in their winoow.

"Tarnation seize me, ef them rings han't handsome enough for my Sall! Dang it ef I don't, *neow*, buy the hoop what'll do for Sall's finger when we're hitched, next plantin' time, by Parson Crout."

Upon this determination, our verdant stepped into the magnificent store, and walked up to the show case, of diamond jewelry, at the same moment, relieving his hands from their prison, pointed to the most expensive ring within his vision—worth at least five hundred dollars.

"What'll you take for that are?" said the Yankee.

"What will you give?" responded Mr. Jones, understanding the customer he had to deal with."

"Dang it ef I know—guess 'bout ninety-five cents is all dad would allow me to gin, as he sold himself short of apple sass tew git the tin tew pay my way up tew Bosting."

"Cannot afford the ring for that money—it cost me twice as much as you offer," said Mr. Jones.

"Yoeu git out—dang it ef I'll be cheated anyhow; but Sall must have the ring. Luff the hoop out here, an' let a feller kersemine it."

At this gentle request, Mr. Jones removed the ring from its rich case, and held it toward the Yankee, who was evidently determined upon a purchase.

"Neow, I tell yeou wot it is, Mr. I can't gin all creation for Sall's weddin' ring, cos I got tew git the beddin' an' other fixins; but ef ye'll take ninety-five cents for the tarnal bright little critter, I'll tuk it right off your haus, and you'll hev the fun uv gittin' rid uv one of your hoops, an' the money fer it tew, right in yer fist."

At this last generous proposition, Mr. Jones took the ring as if to do it up for his customer. At the same instant, the thought flashed across the mind of the Yankee that he was paying 'too dear for the whistle.'

"'Tan't bruck nur nuthin'—an' them little glass beads what druv inter the top won't come out nor nuthin', Mr?"

"I don't warrant it, my friend," replied Mr. Jones.

"Thunder' ef I don't see Sall bust afore I'd buy a hoop fer her what don't come warranted."

With this last speech, the Yankee gave his hat an additional slap, and walked out of the store, muttering to himself—

"Can't come it over this ere chap, any how.'
—*Yankee Blade.*

France the First Power in Europe.

The New York *Tribune*, in an editorial article upon the prospects of peace, very truly remarks.

"The tragedy draws near its close. Louis Napoleon alone comes out of it with his purposes realized, his desires fulfilled. The French necessity for gory laurels has been satisfied. Once more France stands forth undisputed, the first military power of Europe.—The nations around her, enemies, allies and neutrals, are astounded or struck with awe.—Even in the development of her naval resources and skill she has shown that England is not very far beyond her. Louis Napoleon has strengthened his position, at least for a time. By the invention of a new mode of making loans he has entrapped the masses of the nation, and to a certain extent chained them to his existence, success and security. The army which supported him in the dark day of usurpation is attached to him anew, and by stronger ties; and thus his chances for a protracted reign are increased under the rule of a master who understands its passions and its weaknesses, the nation seems content, at least for a time, without liberty of any kind whatever. The tottering throne of France appears to regain equilibrium and repose. Supremacy in Europe is transferred from St. Petersburg to Paris. In Paris Russia and England must meet to conclude terms of peace under Napoleon's surveillance. Russia begins to sink in her humiliation. By the latest news we have the report that Count Walewski is to represent France in the Congress—the Polish refugee to treat on equal—nay, superior—terms with Orloff, the friend, the adviser of his persecuter! Louis Napoleon if, for the time, the diplomatic arbiter of Europe, more so than ever was his uncle, who had to manage Russia, and never dictated conditions to England. The haughty foe of the Bonapartes, the destroyer of the uncle, humbled before the nephew!—England, no longer the first, but rather declining to the rank of a second-rate power, leans for support on her powerful ally. Louis Napoleon has dated his decrees from Windsor Castle. He has only to withdraw his hand and England must fall. His advice, having all the force of arbitrary command, must, willingly or not, be promptly and subserviently followed."

Not half Through yet.

A good kind of a soul, accustomed to make 'six mild prayers,' had ever persuaded a guest much against his inclination, to stay to breakfast. The old man prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began to think seriously of edging quietly away, but in attempting it, waked up the man's son, who was asleep in his chair.

'How soon will your father be done?' whispered the guest.'

'Don' no,' said the boy, 'has he got to the Jews yet?'

'No,' said the other.

'Wal, then he ain't half through,' said the boy, and composed himself again to his wonted way.

The guest bolted at once.

A SETTLE.—"I say, Harry, did you ask Hicks for that money yet?"

"Yes.

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He just kicked me off the stoop and that's the last I heard of it."

☞A newly married man in the Bowery declares that if he had only an inch more of happiness he could not live. His wife and her sister are obliged to roll him on the floor and spat him with a shingle every day to prevent him from being too happy.

☞A doctor and a military officer became enamored of the same lady. A friend inquired of her which of the two suitors she intended to favor. Her reply was that it was difficult for her to determine, as they were both such killing creatures.

☞Think of the pleasure of knowledge and the disgrace of ignorance. Set a value on the smallest morsels of knowledge. The fragments are the dust of diamonds.

The Democrat.

is published every Thursday morning in the old Masonic Hall, second story of the brick building west of C. Vanausdal & Co's store, Main Street, Eaton, Ohio, at the following rates:

$1:50 per annum, in advance.
$2:00 if not paid within the year, and
$2:50 after the year has expired.

☞These rates will be rigidly enforced.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher.

☞No communication inserted, unless accompanied by a responsible name.

The Know-Nothing National Convention—Millard Fillmore for President.

The Know-Nothings have taken the initiative of all other parties in trotting out their nag for the Presidential course of 1856. With MILLARD FILLMORE as their chosen leader, they are first in the field. After three or four days of rows, wrangling and bitter contention in their National Council and Convention, and after the secession of quite a number of the delegates from the free States, those friendly to a distinct national organization and early nominations carried the day, and the result is before us.

The name and character of Mr. FILLMORE are pretty well known to the country. Though a man of mediocre abilities and limited attainments, he has yet considerable good sense and discretion. Upon the subject of slavery he is conservative, and when at the head of the Government, and charged with its responsibilities, he endeavored to live up to the requirements of the Constitution by doing justice to all sections of the country. As acting President, upon the decease of General TAYLOR, he gave the influence of his administration to the passage of the compromise measures, so called, of 1850, which were so bitterly opposed by the Abolitionists. He not only signed the "Fugitive-slave law," but he vigorously enforced it. During his Presidency the vials of Abolition wrath were as freely poured upon his head as we have since seen them discharged at General PIERCE and Senator DOUGLAS. He was called by the *sectionalists* all kinds of opprobrious names. Their opposition was so strong to him in his own party, that when the question of his renomination for President came up at Baltimore, in 1852, he was defeated, and General SCOTT nominated in his stead; in fact, in the adjustment of the slavery question his main support come from the National Democracy. The great mass of the Northern Whigs opposed it.

In this foreign and domestic policy, aside from slavery, he was most unsuccessful. Great frauds and peculations were committed upon the Treasury, which was loosely guarded, while his tone toward those nations which had insulted our flag was low and unworthy of the dignity of our country. Still, notwithstanding these great faults of his former Administration, the National Know-Nothings could not probably, for their cause, have made a better nomination. He is the strongest man. Hundreds of thousands of Old-line Whigs, who have given but a *quasi*-approval to the Colored-Republican organization, and who are disgusted with its excesses, will rally around Mr. FILLMORE's standard. What vitality there is left in Know-Nothingism will be aroused by his name, for the Ex President was weak and silly enough to actually commit himself, and take the oaths in support of that miserable organization. As a dispassionate observer of the field of politics, we think the selection of FILLMORE a *trump card* upon the part of the National Know Nothings. It will be a perfect bomb-shell in the camp of the Black-Republicans, who hate him for signing the Fugitive-slave Law.

Mr. FILLMORE was born in 1800, in Cayuga County, N. Y., and is, therefore, fifty-six years of age. He was for a number of years a member of the New York Legislature, chosen by the Anti Masons, then predominant in Western New York, where the Ex President resides. In 1834 he was elected to Congress from the Buffalo District, and served three or four terms. In 1841 he had attained such a position in his party that he was placed at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means—the most important in the House—by the Whig Speaker, JOHN WHITE, of Kentucky. In 1844, during the CLAY Presidential campaign, the Whigs of New York nominated him for Governor. His Democratic competitor was the distinguished statesman, SILAS WRIGHT, who beat him (FILLMORE) by ten thousand majority.

In 1847, owing to a division in the Democracy of New York, Fillmore was elected State Controller by a large vote.

In 1848 he was nominated by the Whig National Convention at Philadelphia for Vice President, with General Taylor for President. By the death of General Taylor in July, 1850, he, by the provisions of the Constitution, became the President. His course while Executive of the nation we have above already described. For the last twelve months he has been traveling in Europe.

We shall look with some interest to see the names of the delegates from Ohio who seceded upon his nomination. Tom Spooner and other Black-Republicans are doubtless at the head of them.

The Vice President nominated, Andrew Jackson Donaldson—the "ass in the lion's skin"—is very unfortunate. He has no qualifications or political standing for the post.—He was a Democrat up to within the last two or three years, but, not obtaining an office under General Pierce's Administration, he became a renegade. He has no political principle. Kenneth Raynor, of North Carolina, would have been a far stronger and better nomination. The strength of this ticket it is difficult now to estimate.

It is probable, however, that if, by any misfortune, the choice of the next President should be thrown into the present House of Representatives, where the vote would be taken by States, Fillmore would be weaker than any Black-Republican.

The next organization which comes into the field with a Presidential candidate is the Democratic, which nominates in this city early in June. The Black-Republicans meet on the 17th of June, at Philadelphia, for the same purpose.

We do not think the result can be doubtful. Both wings of the allied force of fanaticism and bigotry will be badly beaten. The national, Union-loving, liberal spirit of the country will be embodied in the Democratic candidate, and we expect to see him borne into the Presidential chair upon a wave of popular enthusiasm that will equal, if not surpass, the great triumph of 1852.—*Cin. Enq.*

☞"Slocum, how is it to-day; can you take that note up?" "I'm sorry to say that I can't—never was so cramped in my life." "You are always cramped, are you not?" "I'm sorry to say I am; and yet there's a natural cause for it" "And what is that?" "Why, I was weaned on green apples and watermelons."

☞Punch furnishes the last argument yet discovered against moustaches. He paints two rough Crimean soldiers, with pipes in their mouths, and a thicket of hair all over their faces; meeting, and one complains to the other: "I tell yer what, Bill, I don't half like these moustachers, *"They do top up such a lot of grog."*

"GO IT BOOTS."—The ladies at last, driven to extremities by the condition of the streets, are putting on long boots a sensible and modest fashion—all but the putting on and off.

☞A man can't possess anything that's better than a good woman, nor anything that's worse than a bad one.